



T H E

Spinning Wheel

A New Song

UPon a sunshine summer's Day,
When every field was green and gay,
The morning blush'd with Phebus ray,
Just then ascending from the sea:
As Strephon did a hunting ride,
A lonely cottage he espy'd,
Where lovely Chloe a spinning sat,
And turning of her wheel about.

Her face a thousand graces crown,
Her curling hair lovely brown;
Her rowling eyes all hearts did win,
And white as down of swan her skin;
So taking her plain dress appears,
Her age not passing sixteen years;
The swain lay sighing at her feet.
But still she turn'd the wheel about.

Thou fairest of all tender kind,
Quoth he, this ne'er can suit thy mind;
Such grace attracting noble love,
Was ne'er design'd for wood or grove,
Come, come to court with me, my dear,
Partake my love and humour there,
And leave this sordid rural rout,
And turn no more the wheel about.

At this, with some few modest sighs,
She turned unto him her eyes:]
Ah! tempt me not, kind sir, she cries,
Nor seek my weakness to surprise:
I know your arts are not to be believ'd;
And how young virgins are deceiv'd;
Then let me thus my life wear out,
And turn my spinning wheel about.

gy those sweet panning breasts, said he,
And yet unseen Divinity;
Nay, by my soul, which dwells in thee,
I swear this must not, cannot be.
O cause not my eternal woe,
Nor kill the man that loves thee so;
But go with me, and ease my doubt,
And turn no more thy wheel about.

His cunning tongue so play'd its part,
He gain'd admission to her heart;
And now she thinks it is no sin,
To suck love's fatal poison in:
But she too late has found her fault,
And he too soon her charms forgot;
And left her e'er the year run out,
In tears to turn her wheel about.

